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WHOLE NUMBER 130

SELECT POETRY.

(Written for the American.)
In Memory of N. L. Garrison.

BY CAROL MILES.

There are no arms around me, but my heart

Turns, lone and sorrowing, to her who

Went, in youthful loveliness, to claim her part

Of the inheritance on which she bent

Her ardent gaze, the while she forward

Looked, To crown far, far beneath that rich reward

Vain visions—vaster hopes! her name

Was hallowed, With this who early stand before that

Kingdom's Lord.

I think of her, mother, and I love

Whom I have a double bond to

She was the first to bid me rise

From my couch, and she the first to bid me

Die.

One year ago today London laid

Robert for his burial—since that dreary

Day, A year—age of grief, hath shadows

Made, Upon her brow, which time can never

Wear away.

The winter rain is dashing on the roof,

The cold wind whistles wildly round the

Unhappy, Unhappy, Unhappy, Unhappy

Alone, For her, my longings spirit

Grieves, To fragrant breathings wafts the holy air;

Soft, golden tresses float within my

Grip.

She comes! she comes! How radiantly

Fair! It is so earthly form my weary arms

Would clasp.

Vain yearnings all! The sweet seraphic

Face, And form, ethereal in the distance fade

The glorious imagery no more I trace;

Again I wander in the veiling shade,

Where Death and Sorrow marry in

Death.

Of gayest joyance, cherished love and

Prize—As to these, my heart, my heart, my heart

Take, Our rare and tender hopes, and dash

Them all aside.

Beyond that river! that waiting there

For us and dost thou hear the tortured

Wailing hymn?

Knowest thou how oft is breathed the

Sweet prayer, By those whose eyes for thee are sadly

Dim?

Sweet sister! sister! I did I knew,

As from thine own pure lips, that, from

Above, Thy yearning soul to mine is bending

Low.

What fearful words should I have said

When I saw thee?

But I am mortal, else I would not mourn

That the Eternal Life, which erst from

Heaven

Came down to earth, should back to

Heaven return.

I would rejoice to see the blossom given

Its native air—my guide should be the

form

That leadeth heavenward the earthly

born,

Whose white hand, lifted high above the

stern,

Forever points me to the Resurrection

Morn.

DECEMBER 20th, 1857.

Wept Beside Thy Grave, Mother.

I wept beside thy grave, mother,

My heart is weeping still,

And fondly linger near thy tomb,

On yonder lonely hill.

I did not hear thy parting words,

I did not see thee die;

But thy last message came to me,

When death was hovering nigh.

I've been a true son, mother,

And canst thou many a pain,

But I would have the wrongs I made,

Could I but return again!

My boyish heart would not obey

The mild commands I knew,

BIGSHRIEK FOR FREEDOM

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